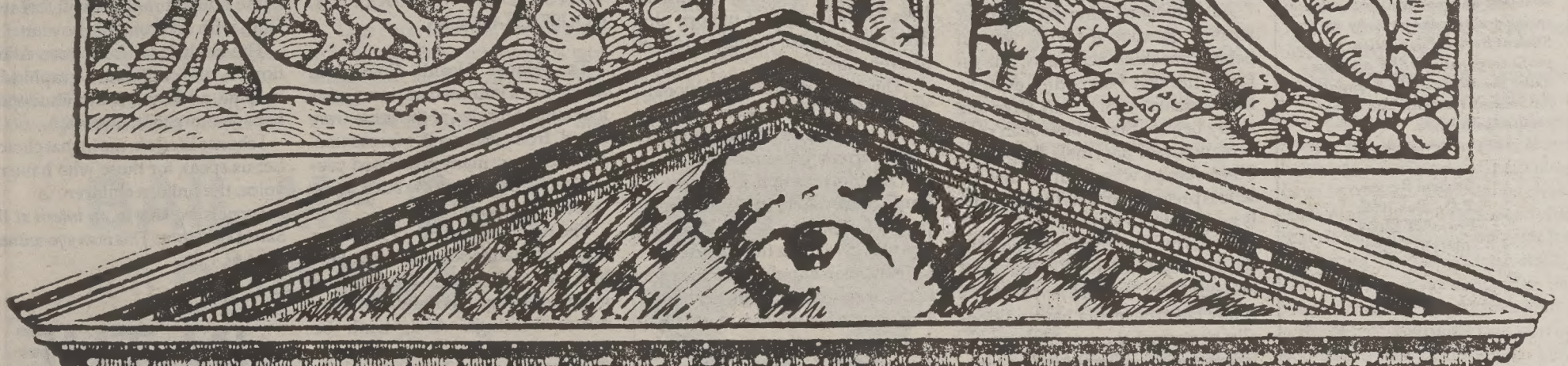
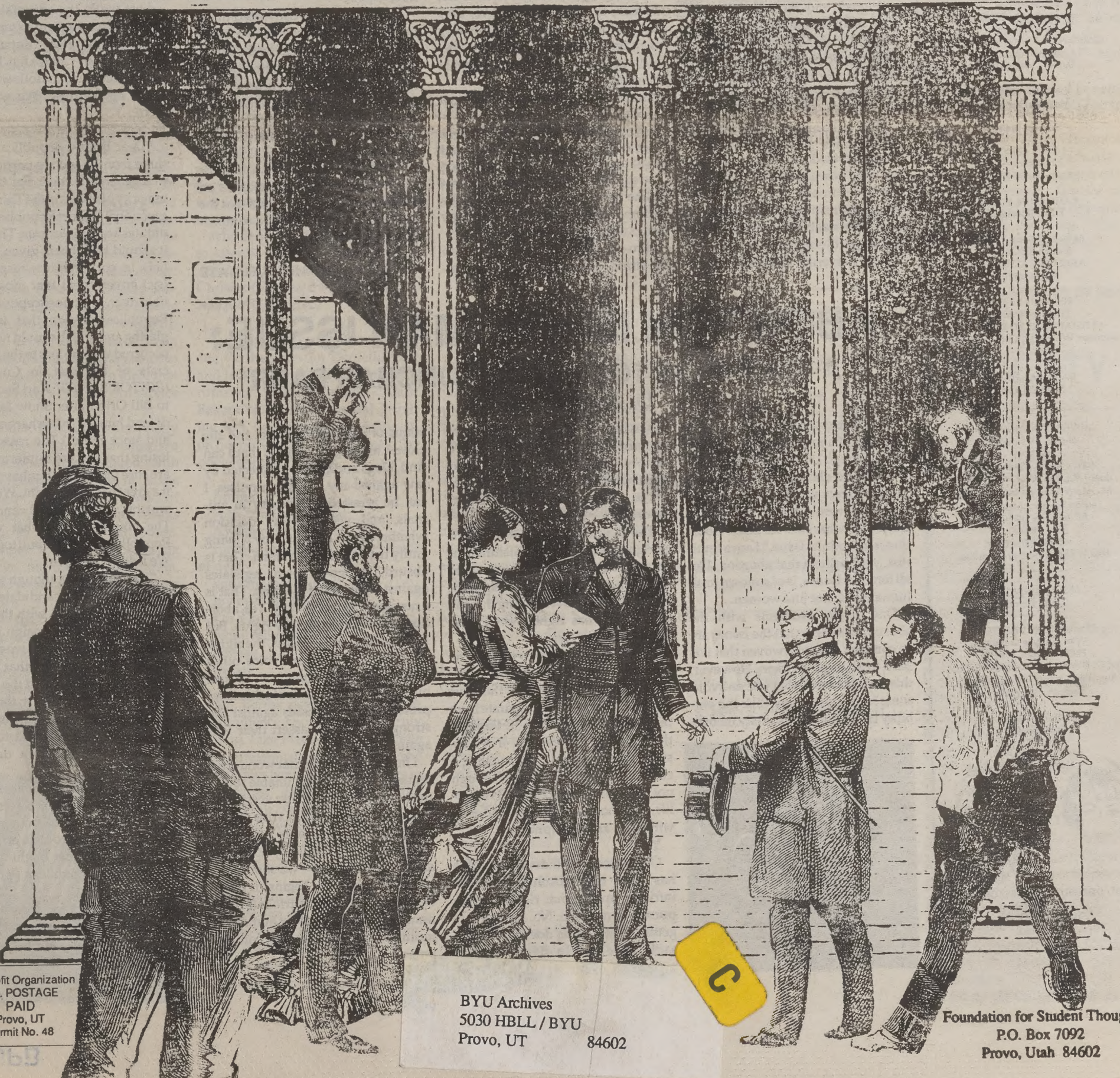


STUDENT REVIEW



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STUDENT REVIEW

YEAR 5

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THE SCREAMING SILENCE

BY LARRY M. MEYERS

MONDAY, JANUARY 21, JOINT HEALTH COMMITTEE ABORTION HEARINGS, UTAH STATE CAPITOL.

Hundreds, who have come to hear or be heard, stand in the halls because the committee room is full. "Pro-choice, no voice!" they chant.

Such irony. It is not the abortion rights advocates, but the unborn, who have no voice and will not be heard from today. Tragically, the pro-choicers refuse to recognize or discuss the status of the unborn.

As the meeting is moved to a larger room, I question a raving woman behind me about her views. She informs me that I shouldn't even be there because I am a man. Does she really believe that women can conceive without any male help? Another woman, when I tell her that my wife is pregnant, insists that my wife is nothing but a slave.

This is my first confrontation with the new sexism of the '90s. But that's another story, or is it? Anyway, it's funny how the media has traditionally portrayed the pro-lifers as extremists; judging by the crowd here, it's the pro-choicers who are the extremists in Utah.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, SENATE CHAMBERS.

A great and terrible debate ensues. Shall Senate Bill 23, the Abortion Bill, pass? Will Utah enact the most restrictive anti-abortion legislation in the nation? Senators rise and speak somberly; history, for better or worse, is in the making.

SB 23 is the mutant offspring of the Legislature's Abortion Task Force which traveled the state all summer and fall, hearing public views and expert testimony. The Task Force prepared a restrictive bill, a tight anti-abortion measure that reflected the majority of the opinions they'd heard.

Then Governor Bangerter threat-

ened to veto anything that was too strict. In order to satisfy the Governor, the Task Force bill was quickly replaced with by a creative two-tiered bill with fairly restrictive primary provisions and more permissive, "fall-back," secondary provisions. This is the bill that the Senate is considering today.

Freshman Democrats lead the pro-choice attack. Nothing new here, yet their words burn my ears. I formulate responses in my mind.

"This bill will cost a million dollars to defend in court." Saving the lives of thousands of unborn children seems worth a million dollars, or even more, to me.

"This is clearly unconstitutional." According to *Roe v. Wade*, sure. But many, including a possible majority of the current Supreme Court, think that *Roe*, not abortion, is unconstitutional. Since the current Court seems poised to junk the *Roe* framework, this will give them the chance.

"A woman should have the right to choose what to do with her body." This argument would work (as it does with sex, drinking, smoking, eating, etc.) if solely the woman's body were under consideration. But there is a child involved here too. That's why pro-choicers refuse to recognize the unborn human growing inside the woman's body. If they can rationalize that the fetus is not human, or a person, or alive, they can guiltlessly abort it. But the baby is an unborn person, and that's why killing it ought not to be a choice that is readily available.

I simply can't understand how anyone can condone abortion. Do they not know that abortion means that the unborn child's limbs and head are ripped off piece by piece and sucked out by a vacuum? Or that saline solution is injected into the womb, where it fills the baby's tiny lungs and chokes it to death?

Pro-life advocates must cease to be afraid to describe the bloody real-

ity of abortion. How else can they overcome the "rights" and "coat hanger" rhetoric and awaken America to the carnage that occurs daily in clinics and hospitals? How lamentable it is that so many speak out for and against abortion without really knowing what it is.

My inner debate is more intense than the debate in the Senate, which is now winding down. After, and in spite of, much pro-choice posturing, SB 23 finally passes the Senate.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, HOUSE CHAMBERS.

The House Health Committee heard much informed testimony this morning. All sides of the issue were heard from and well represented. Nevertheless, many frustrated pro-choicers are claiming the bill is being "rushed" through.

The reality is that SB 23 is getting much more attention than most. Few bills get task force study, intense media coverage, and hours of committee hearings. And, truth be known, most of these democratically-elected legislators have already made their decision. No amount of pro-choice testimony will change the majority's pro-life beliefs. Funny how, for the abortion advocates, it's only democracy when the vote goes their way.

The House, now convinced that a more lenient bill may have a better chance of being upheld by the Court, amends SB 23 by removing the stricter first-tier provisions. Then they pass it back to the Senate. I am disappointed, for I wish that we could completely prohibit abortion-on-demand. But there are political realities that must be dealt with and this bill doesn't satisfy the die-hards on either side. Those who claim that the final form of SB 23 is not a compromise are mistaken.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, SENATE

CHAMBERS.

The Senate passes the amended version of the bill and Governor Bangerter will sign it tomorrow. Utah will have the nation's most restrictive abortion law and the ACLU will be ready to file suit.

Pro-choice advocates will take to the streets in protest. They will claim that they, the majority, have been ignored, that Utah hates women, and that the new law will hurt Utah's image, tourism, and Olympic hopes. Some militant radicals will threaten Utah with an economic boycott.

The battle is far from over. Abortion is, and will more graphically become, a life and death issue (perhaps in more than one way).

I choose life. Join me in that choice. Let us speak for those who have no voice, the unborn children. Δ

Larry is working as an intern at the State Legislature. This is an eye-witness account.

IN THE NOOSE

THE SNOW-JOB CONTINUES!

Last week, the editorial offices of SR received a form letter from a group calling itself "Republicans For Honor in Campaign Financing." It contained the following (no, we're not kidding. We wish we were...)

"Dear Fellow Republican: Just three months ago we participated in a general election. For the vast majority of offices in the Third Congressional District Republican candidates were victorious. That is as it should have been, given the beliefs in conservative, responsive (sic) government that most of us hold dear. The one exception to the Republican sweep that is most glaring and which should not have occurred was the loss to the Democrats of the seat in Congress. (EDITOR'S NOTE: Karl Snow lost to Bill Orton after Snow failed to defend himself from charges of tax and stock fraud.) The reasons for losing that seat are numerous. We are sure that most of us have given it a great deal of thought. We had a worthy, well prepared candidate. The bottom line is that we, as Republicans, did not pull together. We lost the election.

"Unfortunately, though we lost the election, our candidate, Karl Snow, was saddled with the debt for running the campaign in our behalf. As Republicans, we should consider this debt one that we all share. Karl Represented the Party. We are the Party... as it is, there is a staggering financial burden that he should not be forced to bear alone. For us this is a debt of HONOR!

"As Republicans, financial responsibility is one of the cornerstones of our beliefs. Let us show our commitment to that principle and get rid of this blight on the honor of the Republican Party."

The letter asks for donations of \$15, \$10, or \$5, requesting that they be sent to a local address—Karl Snow's home, to be exact.

ABORTION IS A HUMAN ISSUE: A RESPONSE TO CECILIA KONCHAR FARR

by Guenevere Nelson

I was distressed by the unbalanced coverage of abortion in SR's Gender Issue. Though I am pleased that those who are pro-choice had their forum, pro-life views should not have been ignored. I would like to respond to Cecilia Konchar Farr's article, "Abortion is a Feminist Issue." I am a feminist; yet I believe that abortion, like all feminist issues, is of concern to all humankind, not just women.

One of the problems with the abortion debate is that the issues are so complex and interwoven that it is hard to distinguish them. However, this does not mean that we can avoid some issues altogether (like the viability issue) and focus solely on oth-

ers, as Ms. Farr did in her article. She claimed anti-abortion legislation is simply another way that a male-dominated government and society try to control the lives of women. Abortion is not that simple.

The fundamental question is one of rights. Basically, the dilemma lies in whether the right of a woman to control her pregnancy outweighs the rights of a fetus. Every living thing in our society has rights—even trees are getting lawyers.

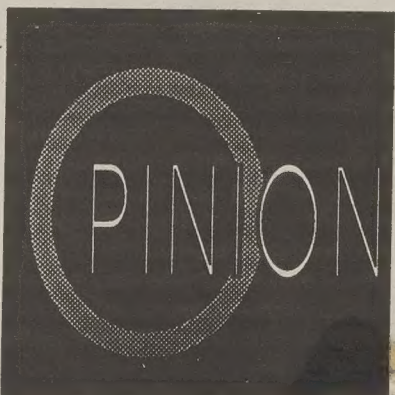
Part of our inability to resolve the question is that nobody can legitimately determine whether the fetus is actually a human life, separate from the woman who carries it. Perhaps the issue can be resolved if we assume that a fetus is close to being a child, and a separate entity, though not with full human status. Is a pro-life, anti-choice attitude justified even with such an assumption?

Yes.

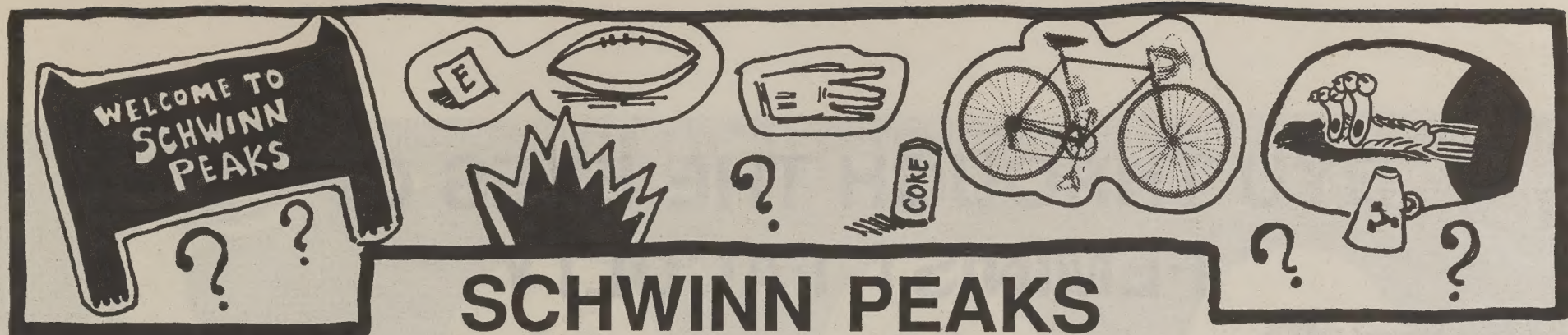
Our concept of individual rights has never been absolute. I cannot infringe upon your rights in the pursuit of my own. No, I'm not forgetting that a fetus does not necessarily have human rights and human status. But it ought to have the

status of a living mammal, and the closest to a human animal that I can find. Dogs and cats are protected by law against my violent impulses. I can be arrested for cruelty to animals, and yet it is my decision whether or not I can destroy a living entity that is nearly a human. That is absurd. The government legislates against rights all of the time. That is a necessary part of society. Yes, abortion legislation limits my rights. But it protects minority rights, the rights of those who have no voice other than ours, just as animal laws protect my dog, and thousands of other laws protect my weaknesses against the strong who would assert their will against mine.

I find it frustrating that wonderful feminist leaders seem unable to see past a shallow, dogmatic version of individual rights. Even with the assumption that the fetus is not yet human (and we should by no means simply assume this—we should try to define when life begins) it is the height of anthropocentric hubris to assume that we can allow humans to terminate other lives at their convenience. Δ



STUDENT REVIEW
MARCH 20, 1991



OUR STORY SO FAR: GIVE ME A BREAK? YOU WANT THE LONG STORY, OR THE SHORT ONE? GAIL IN A COMA (I KNOW, I know it's serious—do you really think she'll pull through?) Cosmo still dead. Snarl Snowjob and his evil secretary Bridgita involved in some scheme or another. College Imperialists fighting BYU Students for Peace and Pretty Flowers. Guy Crumb, one confused detective. Elvis everywhere. Bertha heartbroken and suffering caffeine withdrawal. Did I leave anything out? Does anybody really care anymore?

It was four in the morning when Guy awoke from a fitful sleep to the sound of the doorbell ringing. He staggered into his leather bathrobe and sauntered into the hallway. Opening the door, his jaw dropped to the floor in a very metaphorical manner.
"Gail! Gail, you're alive. You look—"
"Like heck, I realize, but it's great to be back! Those intravenous taco salads did the trick. I knew they would."
"You mean," stuttered Guy, "that

you were aware of what was going on?"
"Somewhat. It's hard to explain...I'm aware of a lot of things now, my dear friend. And there's no time to waste! I want you to call everyone and get them over here PDQ."
"Who's everyone?"
"Bertha, Snowjob, Bridgita, Eugene Oregon, Fred Flake, an Elvis impersonator, Ty Detmer, Shawn Bradley, two dogs, a computer, a Teddy Ruxpin doll, and Zoltar the Terrible."

"Wow," Guy gasped. You really do mean everybody!" Guy rushed to the phone. Gail stood on the porch for a while, breathing the cool night air, grinning from ear to ear.
"I won't let you down, Cosmo," she whispered.
An hour later, everyone stood nervously in Guy Crumb's small living room. Angry glances were exchanged between rival campus groups. Eugene Oregon sat reading a *Sunstone*. Snowjob demanded to know the "meaning of this" every five minutes and threatened legal action against anyone who looked at him the wrong way. Fred Flake grinned sheepishly and politely asked where the bathroom was. Guy sadistically ignored him. He'd always hated the little twerp. Bertha and Bridgita stood awkwardly next to each other. There was an uncanny resemblance...

slightest notion."
"Thank you, Dr. Oregon. Anyhow, collective responsibility is the cornerstone of any community that seeks to transcend the primitive, destructive values of man's most base attributes. As Sam Rushforth once said, 'Damn it, get off your fat butts and do something good for a change. You people make me sick!'"
"Did Dr. Rushforth really say that?" asked Bertha.
"Oh, probably not," answered Gail. "But I imagine he will someday. And when he does, people will listen. But if people had listened before, this terrible death may never have happened. Guilt hangs over a community like the dark pendulum that sliced into my distant Aunt Janine during the Spanish Inquisition. I came here to solve a murder, and what did I find? Torrid love affairs, caffeine deals and addiction, corrupt politicians, and a campus too blind to recognize the real problems!"
"So what you're saying, Miss," offered the Elvis impersonator, "is that we all collectively share in the guilt of Cosmo's death? That we all murdered him?"
"Uh...no. I guess that's not what I'm saying. That would be silly, wouldn't it?"
"Out with it, woman!" barked Snowjob.
"Alright, if you insist. The name of Cosmo the Cougar's murderer is—"Δ

BAIL ME OUT BERTHA

Editor's Note: Bertha's weekly column will not be seen in this week's paper as she has taken several weeks vacation to enjoy the spring break festivities in Daytona Beach. In its absence I am pleased to run this excerpt from a recent New York press release concerning Bertha's latest book. Bertha promises to return soon, but meanwhile look for her on MTV.

BERTHA POETRY

Eloquent, biting, passionate. That's how critics have described Bertha's most recent volume of poetry, discovered handwritten on scraps of Reams grocery bag and stuffed in the glove compartment of Bertha's 1974 orange Pinto. The volume, now in preparation for publication under the title *Bad Advice: Bertha Gets Personal*, contains sonnets, odes, limericks, and a sizable sampling of haiku. The work's diversity, depth, and reliance on an eclectic collection of literary sources makes clear the intuitive force that drives Provo's first lady of advice columns.

At times, Bertha uses her poetry to assume an almost Romantic-era poet-prophet voice, tinged with Ginsbergesque madness. It is the doomed generation tone of Ginsburg's "Howl" that speaks clearly in Bertha's first poem, "Whimper." But Bertha is speaking to Provo, not the beat generation. And her message is clear and biting:

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by gladness, raving bubbly ecstatic
who ate whipped air off styro-foam noontimes with lite hits raining acid on their melting brains
who flocked like smacked-up sheep, frothy and new, to eat lotus

petals proffered by cowboy presidents fumbling under footlights
who rose and fell in waves, masses of fanning carrion, sporting tys like nooses, a putrid blue tide
who sat like hyenas on haunches in the step-down, in the SWKT, crouching under the Tree of Wisdom, looking for shade from the relentless cougarette smile of God
who drove Chevies like madmen out of Provo to Heber to Rock Canyon to hide from roommates and roll like thunder, deafening, young, and infertile
who got up on Dr. Pepper, on concentrated Aquanet sucked from paper bags, from Nyquil, from Liquid Paper, bastard hallucinogenic highs
who believed when they woke up to Afterglow and believed when they drove to Manti and believed the anti-Christ of Vineyard who told them it was just their cars....

Turning from prophet to passionate, Bertha takes on Danielle Steel and Jackie Collins, infusing modern romance with an almost Amiri Bakara animal-like, visceral grunting feel. Bertha offers no comment on her personal ties to this particular poem entitled "Meow."

Animal
with you I am animal
howling at the moon
running bare legged through fields of dew
your fur is wet now
my eyes are wide
I'm a growling animal inside
feline feline feline
ecstasy
meow

No, Bertha never hesitates to let her audience know how she's truly feeling. Like Plath, like Lowell, like the confessionals, truly cathartic, she overcomes her hysteria to indulge in an almost giddy anger. Bertha penned this piece, untitled, after attending a Sylvia Plath mini-workshop at the Payson community center.

you do not do
you do not do
to me what I would have you do
dear Daddy, Meincamper
I love you
I'll kick you in the face with a black



shoe
I do it so it feels like hell
Herr Lucifer
beware

And then, we turn the page, and Bertha is simple again. Concrete, solid, compact, ordered. This is delightful schizophrenia we find in her poetry. Read this beauty—so William Carlos Williams, so Bertha.

tuna mac
two ply
tofu
order from chaos

Bertha's collection includes rich recollections of her study abroad visit to Bangladesh and her time with the Mahareeshi (of Beatles fame) and Ravi Shankar. Studying with these great paragons of Eastern thought, Bertha gained the title "the Omniscient." Writes Bertha, "In 1977, I was sitting under a mulberry tree, meditating on the growth pattern of hairs on Yoko Ono's naked ugly back which was only ten feet in front of me, trying to make order of its Rorschach-like hairiness, I transcended it all, and woke up sweating, prone, blinded. I wrote this poem immediately." While Bertha was with the Mahareeshi, a fight broke out between Lennon and Shankar over who would get to use Bertha's poetry as lyrics. This piece was the bone of contention:

Sitting cross-legged
Indian come Kashmir come curry
come fire
come universe to my
hollowness fill me
as I fill you
the boundaries of my
magic carpet of stars
end where the music begins
in sitar rings of smoke
omniscient

Bertha's book will be released this March. Look for it at Atticus Books and Deseret Bookstore.Δ

"I've called you all here to tell you some very important things, one of which is that someone in this room is responsible for the death of our beloved mascot. But that will be revealed in due time."

"What is 'due' time?" Fred Flake asked, quite sincerely.

"First," Gail said, ignoring him, "there are some things I'd like to say. I've been in another world for the past three weeks, and it was not unlike our own, except that the brutal truth shown through like so many taco salads.

"I've learned much about collective responsibility—something this community hasn't the slightest notion of—"

"I believe the correct usage," Eugene Oregon cut in, "is 'something of which this community hasn't the

EAVESDROPPER

JKHB, Mar 3, 8:15 am

Unnamed faculty member (speaking on champagne sherbet served at a recent shin-dig): "I ate it... it's legal, it's alcohol in solid form."

Foxwood Apartments, Mar 6, 1:30 am

Girl (reminiscing on her childhood): "All of my Ken dolls were always naked."

QUAYLISM OF THE WEEK

"What a waste it is to lose one's mind, or not to have a mind as very wasteful. How true that is." (Paraphrasing the United Negro College Fund motto, "A mind is a terrible thing to waste.") While at a United Negro College Fund raiser.

This just goes to show you that contrary to common belief, not even the ability to pontificate about topics about which you are completely ignorant is a prerequisite for political life.

TOP TWENTY

1. POW's coming home
2. making *The Militant*
3. Baklava
4. (will)Bur at Kinko's
5. Magic Rocks
6. gas under \$1.00
7. buying new clothes instead of doing wash
8. rain in California
9. Neil Young's buffalo
10. semester half over
11. thumbless folk
12. suede fringe
13. Grateful Dead coming to Vegas
14. chocolate
15. Tuesday night dates
16. green grass
17. paid-off Visa bills
18. calling home
19. knee-deep powder
20. rescuing maidens in distress

BOTTOM TEN

BYU Bridal Show, feminine dependency, Religion Department feuds, semester half over, 15 page research papers for math class, Ron at the post office, roommate fights, deceptive apartment ads, 150,000 dead in Iraq, crepe paper streamers

CAMPUS
LIFE

BYU THROUGH THE EYES OF FEMINIST FACULTY

Student Review interviewed Gloria Cronin, a member of the English Faculty since 1974.

SR: How would you define yourself as a feminist?

GC: As a feminist I am concerned with the advocacy and encouragement of equal rights and opportunities for women—politically, socially, psychologically, personally and aesthetically. My primary professional concerns are feminist literary theory and women writers at BYU. I am also concerned about underrepresented voices in the field of American literature. One of my chief concerns as a Graduate Coordinator of the English MA program is to empower talented women to pursue Ph.D programs and other careers. Consequently I am concerned that they get taken seriously as potential professionals by being trained as rigorously as their male counterparts. 65% of the English MA students are women and only 17% of their professors are. One of my other tasks is to help men in this program understand the increasingly assertive "voiced" women they are taking classes with, as well as to help them realize the directions our profession is taking in Feminist studies, minority literary traditions, cultural criticism, and gender theory—which are now center stage of our profession. I am also concerned about legal, political and biomedical gender issues.

SR: In a recent SR survey, most students said that they would not call themselves "feminists." How do you feel about the way that feminism is perceived on campus?

GC: Perhaps by not calling themselves "feminists" many people hide from political responsibility for doing something about those issues. Others cling to the old stereotypes of angry, vulgar, hairy-legged, bra-burning radical feminists. I have never met such a person and neither have they. But it's an effective game in this environment. Once you have invoked this terrible witch and specter you can hide indefinitely from the profound philosophical, ethical, moral, and political concerns of feminism. You can also use this specter as an excuse for refusing to share power in institutions such as universities, marriages, churches, and governments. We fear feminist anger in this culture, even when it is honestly earned and creatively directed. After all, we might have to face up to some very unpleasant facts about the values we live by if we are forced to listen to the aggrieved. Even superficial study of women's issues causes the most sedate of women and men to become angry. Effectively angry people redress injustices, educate with passion, suffer offenders poorly, and invent ways to make the world a better place. They are often the most trustworthy people to make change with because they tell the truth in startling ways.

SR: What are some problems you see, if any, in administrative attitudes towards women on the faculty?



GC: Often male administrators fail to show understanding of how the power relations of a male-dominated and largely male-administered institution affect women faculty members and students. Too often the model invoked is the LDS ecclesiastical model rather than a truly egalitarian professional one. It is hard for male faculty members to friendship and mentor incoming female professionals. When serious grievances occur they are often invisible to administrators until the aggrieved party speaks loudly and won't be silenced. Male administrators are often slow to understand what constitutes sexist behavior. We all need more education and we must have more informed women involved in governing this institution at every level.

SR: Has your outspoken feminism caused you any problems with the administration or department?

GC: The BYU Administration is clearly open to addressing the concerns of women on this campus but they don't have the time to become professionally educated on the issues. Most of their lifetime colleagues have also been men, and this makes it harder for them to share power, responsibility, and friendship with women. When I visited with Elder de Jagger last year he told me that the Twelve are deeply concerned about issues concerning women and have made women's concerns the object of much study and prayer recently. He concluded that so far there are more questions than clear answers. Gender issues seminars are conducted for Bishops and Stake Presidents. I think more voices are being heard.

SR: Feminists advocate more liberal women's roles than traditional Mormon culture is comfortable with. How do you feel about President Benson's 1987 address telling mothers to stay home?

GC: This address contains a very consistent Mormon message concerning the eternal importance of quality child care. It is an injunction male and female, married and single people ignore to their spiritual peril. However, each individual is entitled to personal revelation of how this principle should be lived in their particular circumstance. We work out our own salvation by exercising agency and stewardship. President Benson suggested some *How's*. His personal social philosophy

changes here at BYU?

GC: I have a wish list that only requires administrative will to achieve.

1. A more powerfully supported Women's Studies Program
2. A cutting edge ethnic studies program.
3. More gender conferences like the one we just held.
4. A faculty run grievance committee for faculty women that would report directly to an Academic Vice-President.
5. Faculty seminars addressing feminist concerns.
6. A non-sexist language policy to be adopted by the administration and used throughout the system, even in Freshman English classes.
7. Ralph Brittan's brilliant *Masculinity and Power* (1990) as compulsory reading for all administrators, professors, and students.
8. More female hires.
9. More female rank advancement and tenuring.

SR: Will BYU be able to solve its gender problems?

GC: We have an added incentive to do this, we are a fishbowl and "light upon the hill." People beyond the LDS community watch us to see what kinds of Christians Mormons are. Are we racist, classist, sexist, homophobic, warlike, socially backward, morally unconcerned, environmentally irresponsible, or still living in the nineteenth century? These doubts bother media sensitive provincial institutions like our university and might impel them to faster self-consciousness. Let me conclude by trying to put my feminism into a Mormon Christian and therefore ethical context. A recent legal thinker writes, "Feminist thought is an important discursive space where the question of the human is not invariably marginalized—where, indeed, that question is often a central concern. At its best and at its root, feminist theory is perhaps best understood as an effort to struggle with the question of what it means to authentically human." We will never be authentically human, Mormon or Christian until we have passed through feminist awareness. As Mormons we should feel ashamed not to call ourselves feminists. The majority of issues feminists concern themselves with are central to building better followers of Christ.Δ

THE CALL OF MORMON FEMINISM

BY PAUL JAMES TOSCANO

JOSEPH SMITH WAS NOT ONLY THE INITIATOR OF THE MORMON RESTORATION, HE WAS ALSO THE ENUNCIATOR OF ITS deepest and most enduring doctrines. These teachings, found in both scriptural and prophetic statements, assume that all human beings are equal before God and that, therefore, women are or should be, in every way, the equals of men. Of course, Joseph Smith was not a feminist in any modern sense, but he did much to improve the status of women. He not only approved of the organization of the Relief Society, he also told its earliest members that he intended to convey to them the keys of the priesthood and to make of the Society a "kingdom of priest[esses]." He promised its members priesthood privileges including the right to heal the sick and cast out devils (see Ehat and Cook, *The Words of Joseph Smith*, pp. 104-05, 110, 115-120). These promises have served to reinforce LDS feminist movements in both the present and the past.

An element of feminism has always existed in Mormon culture and has sometimes prominently defended various political and moral

values including the vote for women, prohibition, and the Equal Rights Amendment. But usually, Mormon feminism has survived in obscurity within LDS culture. It has recently come into prominence again in response, I think, to certain troubling conditions in the modern Church, including male elitism and the exclusion of women from priesthood and Church governance—problems that are responsible not only for the oppression of women, but for a larger spiritual malaise marked by a sense that we lack inner life and have become materialistic, elitist, self-righteous, and legalistic.

Because modern Mormon feminism seeks to respond to these concerns, it involves much more than a demand for equality for women or a claim for empowerment within the Church or priestly hierarchy. Mormon feminism calls for the fundamental spiritual revitalization of our entire religion. It calls us to repent.

The Mormon feminism I advocate not only seeks an end to the wounding of women, it also reaffirms the basic teachings of the gospel of Jesus Christ: justification by the spirit,

sanctification by God's blood, the resurrection of the flesh, and the ultimate exaltation of humanity by the unconditional love of God. It asks us to live our lives and to administer the Church on the premise that God's love is without bounds or conditions, that God is no respecter of persons, that God called the sexes, the families, the societies, and the nations of the earth to be one through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ and that, therefore, men and women are truly spiritual equals in God's sight. It calls us to reform many of our traditions, to abandon our bias for male-dominated institutional power, and to embrace instead the powers of the spirit under conditions where men and women share equal responsibility for the welfare and governance of the Church. It asks us to see the limitations of hierarchy and authoritarianism, to adopt democratic processes, to value individuals as much for their God-given spiritual gifts as for their ecclesiastical status, and to recognize both its male and female members as equals, yoked together in a true lay priesthood that comprises a general assembly—a reservoir of talent and spiritual power—

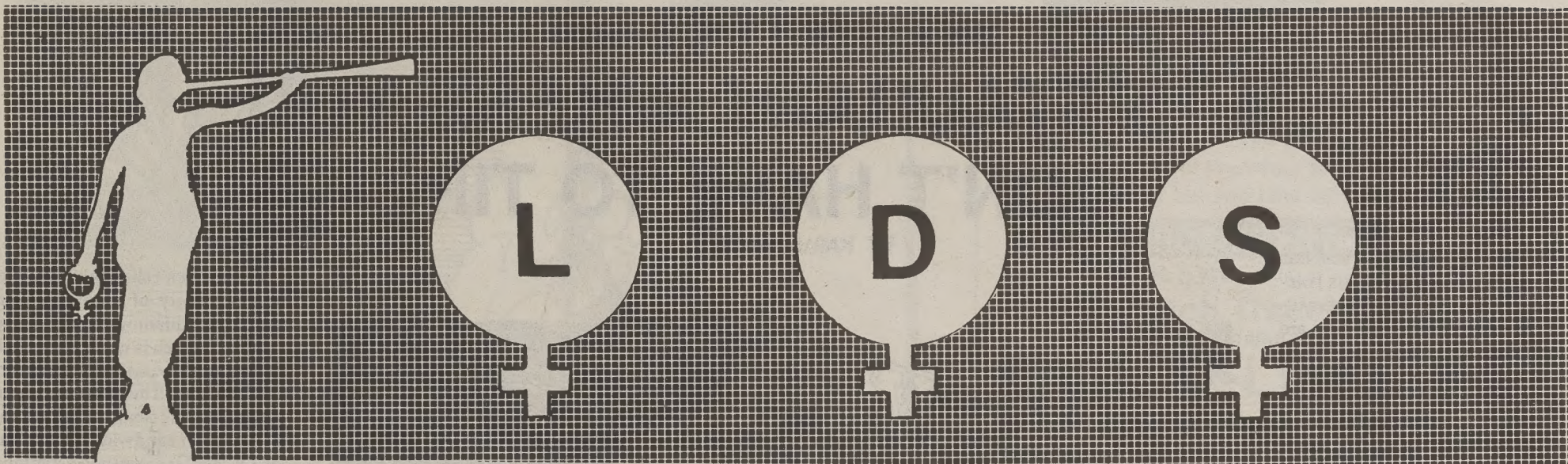
in which the whole Church may participate and upon which the whole Church may rely.

This type of Mormon feminism does not look for a new gospel, but asks us to reassert our grip on the restored gospel. It is not apostasy, but a lamentation of grief and a prayer for deliverance. It asks us to accept God not merely as one but as two persons: God the Male and God the Female—Bridegroom and Bride. It asks us to see that the feminine is and always has been an integral part of the Christian revelation of the divine nature. It asks us to believe that the equality and mutual interdependence of male and female in the priesthood is a reflection of the interdependence of male and female in the Godhead. It invites us to re-enthroned as the operative governing authority of the Church the fullness of the priesthood. This priesthood, restored by Joseph Smith as a crowning blessing to the Church, consists of the full manifold of all the gifts, powers, keys and rights that can be bestowed by God upon mortals. This priesthood may be conferred only upon and exercised only by males and females

jointly.

As a Church, we have ignored this priesthood of kings and priests and queens and priestesses and have instead, retreated from it and from its associated teachings into the comforting constructs of other Christian denominations, adopting as our own many of their antique prejudices in favor of what is ideal, rational, and male and against what is physical, intuitional, and female. The modern Mormon feminism I espouse calls us to change our minds and hearts and to accept flesh as the sister of spirit, intuition as the bride of reason, "priestesshood" as the partner of priesthood, and woman as the equal of man.

In my view, the Church cannot succeed in its mission to lead its members to spiritual maturity and to build a Zion community unless we accept and exercise the fullness of the priesthood vested in men and women in equal dignity, standing on an equal footing, as joint-heirs of all the promises of God, made universally available by the grace of Jesus Christ and through the intercession of the Holy Spirit.Δ



ON BEING MORMON AND FEMINIST

BY CECILIA KONCHAR FARR
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

AFTER A WEEK OF AVOIDANCE, SERIOUS AVOIDANCE, I FINALLY SAT DOWN AT MY COMPUTER TO WRITE THIS ARTICLE. As I began to write, it became clear that I had been avoiding this article for a very good reason: I had no clue what to write. How could I explain something that seems so natural it has never required explanation? How could I disconnect two things that seem so completely intertwined that I don't know where one begins and the other ends? Mormonism and feminism for me just *are*. They are my philosophical foundation, my political choice, my spiritual roots and my life's work—they are me and I am them.

I know for many of you this sounds peculiar. In fact, I'm well aware that for many of my students these two terms contradict each other. Confronting the same false polarity (but from the other pole), my feminist friends also see contradiction. I never had an explanation for them either. But, like the character Michelle Pfeiffer plays in *The Witches of Eastwick*, I don't mind contradictions. "I don't mind when peculiar things happen," she says, "It's natural. Because the world is a very peculiar place."

This answer satisfies me. I don't think we live in a rational world, and I don't find rationality the best explanation for most things. But that doesn't make for much of an argument—or an article. There *are* reasons, both rational and better-than-rational, for the conjunction of Mormonism and feminism.

Though I've spent nearly 25 years naming myself "Mormon." I just came by the term "feminist" a few years ago. But it was my training in Mormonism that made feminism resonate for me. Then, the contention of early feminism that women have a natural right to equality with men appealed to me as I explored avenues of service—how I could contribute most positively to the world. Now, I find the contemporary, more radical feminist attention to diversity and difference the most moral philosophy available to me as a citizen of a global community. When my question became not "How can I serve?" but "How can I love more deeply and motivate genuine service?" Feminist philosophy provided answers that patriarchal Christian philosophy has failed to develop.

As I ventured into literature as a profession, I found that few critics in or out of a Christian tradition (including professors at BYU) dedicated more of their time to figuring out how to operate kindly in a community of people (rather than as individuals) as did feminist critics. In

feminist literary criticism, and later in feminist pedagogy, philosophy and politics, I found thinkers dedicated to living "carefully"—to nurturing, healing, listening, accepting, embracing. And not in some half-hearted, sloppy, touchy-feely way. I mean *thinkers*, whose work was dedicated to ending oppression, who wanted to hear the silenced speak, see the hungry fed. "Strong women building a gentle world," as the saying goes. Thinkers who were willing to step aside and be an "other among others."

In this sense, I find that feminism lives "postmodernism" more courageously than does any other philosophical system. James E. Faulconer explained a few weeks ago in *Student Review* (5.21) that postmodernism critiques the claim to authority as "a claim to the right to suppress undesirable difference." Feminists, of course, are famous for questioning authority, an admirable quality, considering the postmodernist clarification of the violent way authority has been exercised in our Western tradition. But feminists are also daringly aware of difference, dedicated to living through it and with it, even if it costs us the only unity we have. Right now, The National Women's Studies Association is risking its own demise as it attempts to purge racism from its midst. Feminist organizations are sometimes criticized for an inability to act at all, so concerned are they with how the exercise of power harms people, but this considerate living is exactly what appeals to my Mormon morality.

Anyone who has encountered feminist thinking knows that what distinguishes it most obviously from other modes of thought prevalent in intellectual circles today is its relentless referencing to "women's lives." Annette Kolodny, who was first a student activist, then a feminist theorist and now a dean putting her principles to work, once wrote, "A theory is only as good as its practice. The issue is not whether you can do it, but whether you can live it." My feminism keeps my Mormonism honest. It makes me question how I treat others. It challenges me to always avoid the detached distance of intellectualizing and helps me practice what I preach.

No two positions are more harmonious than Mormonism and feminism as I aim to live a Christ-like life. I think of Christ's tenderness toward outcasts—lepers, Samaritans, Gentiles. And his treatment of women. I can never thank Luke enough for including the Mary and Martha story where Christ let us know that a

woman's central place was most definitely NOT in the kitchen. And I am always moved by the way Mary and the resurrected Christ address each other in the garden on Easter morning. Most religious people, including Mormons, don't have this respect for women. Most religious people disdain women while claiming to adore them. I would rather be respected and loved than adored. Feminism respects women and allows women to claim respect. I think feminism will eventually allow women to claim the eternal progression that our religion promises for us

but in many ways fails to encourage. We need to work out our own salvation, within ourselves as well as within families and communities.

Even the most conservative feminism insists on equal opportunity for women, something that my testimony taught me to expect, but my religious community discouraged. My ecclesiastical leaders told me to pursue an education so I could be prepared to work "in case I even needed to." (which, decoded, meant if my husband ever died, or if, heaven forbid, I never got married.) But then they discouraged my professional goals. The message was to get educated, even get a job, but don't enjoy it too much. Then you might not like being a mother—as if motherhood is only enjoyable if you don't know anything else is possible. Feminism allowed me to challenge misdirected priesthood authority and claim my right to personal inspiration. This alone has given me a richer Mormonism. Indeed, it's made me a better mother for my daughter, who I can more fully cherish because I am a feminist.

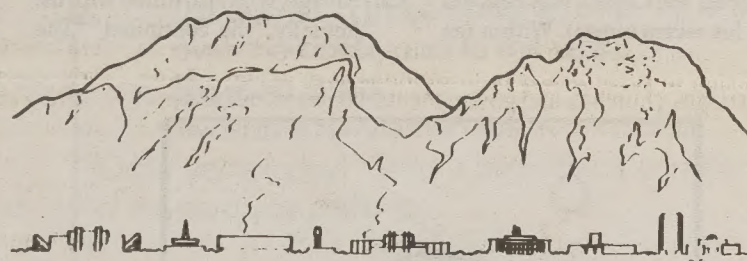
A wise woman in my Provo ward taught me something about Job that made clear to me the connection between Mormonism and feminism. She said she admired his self-confidence. His self-confidence! In a similar situation, she said, the first thing she did was doubt her relationship with God. She was wicked. She was unworthy of His love. *What had she done wrong?* Job resisted this line of inquiry even when his friends pursued it. When my Mormonism and my femi-

nism work together, I can imagine that self-confidence, that strong relationship with God. Without feminism, I think Mormonism fails many women here. I have yet to go to a women's conference that doesn't have at least one session on depression or self-esteem.

I don't want to be a Pollyanna. I know there are places where Mormonism and feminism refuse to join. But I can also say honestly that these are few. My feminism resists Mormon concepts of an exclusively male priesthood, of polygamy, of the silent and absent Mother-God, of the

Eve story and its excesses. My Mormonism resists... well, I'm sure most of you can fill this in without my help. Feminism in Mormonism needs much more support right now than it needs critique.

I will conclude by claiming, simply, that the marriage of Mormonism and feminism works. Feminism gives life to religious theories often professed but too infrequently practiced. A bit more Mormonism, some genuinely Christ-like morality, could bring additional light to such critical feminist concerns as compassion, caring and individual dignity. Δ



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WE EAT OUT TOO MUCH A RESTAURANT WHERE YOU DON'T HAVE TO TIP

BY KARIS WOLD

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF A BUSINESS SUIT-CLAD LUNCH CROWD, THE ITALIAN PLACE IS A FAIRLY EMPTY RESTAURANT. Some would-be customers are intimidated by the long, unwelcoming entranceway, but it's worth braving. The booth-filled, dimly-lit sandwich joint is something of a discovery. They serve cheap, big sandwiches and it has an authentic atmosphere, as only a restaurant with a past can.

The Italian Place originated in 1968 with a Mafia man, who, while in prison, was converted to Mormonism. Since its shady beginnings, the Italian Place has collected a stubborn following. Twenty-two years later and an old Provo resident will stagger in, exclaiming with misty eyes, "You still make the best sandwich in town!" Even now, a recent staff survey found that the all-time favorite album among the majority of their clientele is *The Eagle's Greatest Hits: 71-75*. "That explains something about our customers," said Bob Newell, the restaurant's manager and one-time English major.

Seated around a sandwich and paper cup littered table, my *Review* partner Jill and I familiarized ourselves with the restaurant's staff. They're great dinner company and they'll tell you anything. For instance, that very day they'd all given blood (though Ed the Cook's was rejected due to his recent tattoo). Within ten



minutes, I knew everyone's favorite radio station and I hadn't even asked. Eager to share customer stories, they dove into anecdotes with an inimitable, cross-fire dialogue exchange too quick for my dulled pencil to record.

With the arrival of more sandwiches, the conversation turned. "We make the best sandwich in town, but we try to be humble so no feelings get hurt," explained former grill cook Karl Savage, who also dined with us. "Actually," he continued, "The

Underground is owned by the same guy so it's almost the same sandwich-wise, but we were first. It's also cheaper here. At other restaurants you pay for the furniture, the plates. There are absolutely no frills in this restaurant. When you get the sandwich, you get a lot; we don't gyp people with that lettuce filler stuff. The buns are even homemade."

"The buns are awesome," adds Jason, another cook, thoughtfully. Equally important, they're going

to make a movie at The Italian Place. Bob has a camera and everyone working there is an actor. Their artistic skill covers a variety of genres: tattoo design, play directing and writing, and the composition of poetry, song lyrics and music. It's not any ordinary restaurant staff.

"No one can control the creative talent here. Whenever the wax paper runs out and the cardboard's left, Ed draws on it and sticks it on the wall. There's stuff hung everywhere," said

Savage.

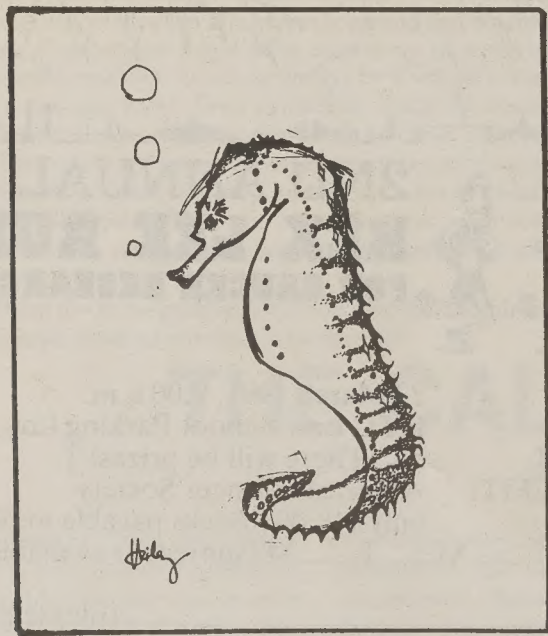
The food isn't shabby either. They have a variety of sandwiches, including the infamous "Steak & Everything," which is made with steak, cheese, mushrooms, onions, peppers, and tomatoes. They also have ham, pastrami, more steak variations, and a vegetarian sandwich. Their "Italian Delight" is a very good combination of steak, cheese, mushrooms, spaghetti sauce, and cream cheese. They also have a variety of sandwiches that cater to every individual whim.

"They're custom made. One woman orders her sandwich with handfuls, several handfuls, of onions. We're happy to oblige," commented Savage.

The sandwiches are, with a few exceptions, \$2.99 for a full sub and \$1.99 for half. They're served on sourdough buns and made after you order. They have other food as well, including spaghetti, salad, cookies, chips, and other lunch favorites.

In a further moment of insight, Karl Savage sums up The Italian Place's essence: "It's an honest restaurant; no one tries to fool you with false atmosphere. What is here is what it is." Δ

Located at 281 N. University Ave., The Italian Place is open from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. weekdays, and from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. on weekends.



SEAHORSE

BY HAILEY MEYER

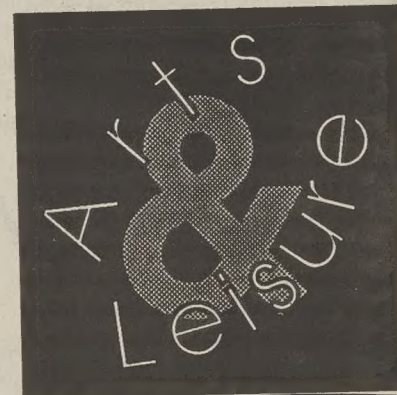
AT THE SEASHORE THERE WAS A GUEST HOUSE. IN THE GUEST HOUSE THERE WAS A BATHROOM. IN THE BATHROOM there was pale blue tile with sea horses in relief.

We changed the spare bed room into a nursery. The nursery had pale yellow, blue and pink wallpaper with white dots. The order was: yellow, on one an a half inch stripe; blue, a half inch stripe; then a pink stripe that was one inch thick with white polka dots running down the middle. We put a rocking horse in the room and named it Blaze.

The dining room was very bare. Soft white walls, a green carpet, two saw horses and a four by eight piece of wood, birch, no knots, which formed the dining room table. The house became known as the "House of Horse."

This pun carried more significance when we all grew tired of the long summer, the fog horns, and then we became sick, and of course, hoarse.

Now this is a pleasant memory. And at the time, it was, very pleasant.



HOW TO WRITE A TOP TEN ALBUMS LIST

BY ERIC ELIASON

DEAR STUDENT REVIEW,

It is easy to see that the people who turn in lists of their ten favorite albums for your magazine are suffering from the "I-need-to-be-one-step-to-the-side-of-a-hip-non-conformist" complex described by Carl Jung in his famous books, *I did too Listen to Bauhaus before Love and Rockets Came Out!* In fact, these poor souls, horrified at the pace at which the alternative is becoming mainstream appear to be struggling with where they stand in society. They seem to feel a deep need to cry out and

reassure the world (and, no doubt, themselves) that they are still ever so slightly more cool than the rest of us. Gladly, as we can see from the "Top Ten Albums" lists of recent months, many students are well on their way to once again establishing their identity.

Realizing that there are many here at BYU who may yet need to reassert their hipitude but are not sure how, I have prepared a few guidelines that might help them. *Student Review's* kindly provided forum of "Top Ten Favorite Albums of All Time" is just the medium that might

save these troubled individuals from losing their fragile ids in the rushing tide of Topfortyism. Thank you, *Student Review!*

Rule One: Pick an album by any band with Mick Jones in it.

Rule Two: Pick an album featuring one of those "Female Singer-Songwriters," like Suzanne Vega or Michelle Shocked. You might even get away with Sinead O'Connor, if you choose *The Lion and the Cobra*. (See Rule Four.)

Rule Three: Pick an album that shows your sensitivity to racial issues; ie, anything by Public Enemy,

NWA, or Angry Samoans.

Rule Four: If you are going to pick an album by a band that gets KJQ airplay, make sure it is a pre-popularity album. For example, The Cure before *Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me*, U2 before *The Unforgettable Fire*, or Jane's Addiction before *Ritual de lo Habitual*.

Rule Five: Pick any album by Led Zeppelin or The Doors.

Rule Six: Put "import cd version" in parentheses next to one of the albums on your list.

Rule Seven: Show that you are capable of a wide range of emotions by

picking one album from group A (Suicidal Tendencies, Black Flag, or Flotsam and Jetsam—but not Metallica which is too mainstream), and one from group B (Cowboy Junkies, 10,000 Maniacs, or Kitaro).

Follow these rules and you and the world will have no doubt that you are a true pre-postmodern person. Δ

SINCERELY,
ERIC ELIASON



TELESTIAL SPIRIT

BY ROBERT KIRBY

SUNDAYS ARE DAYS OF PARADOX FOR ME: ROCK 'N ROLL AND HYMNS, THE LORD'S SACRAMENT AND QUARTERBACK SACKS, FASTING AND 7-11 NACHOS, THE BOOK OF MORMON and Stephen King—I have a varied and simultaneous interest in each of them.

I know that it's dangerous to dichotomize the LDS gospel, but I can't help it because that's the way I've lived my life. As such, I'm scared silly of dying—not because I might go to Hell, but, because after all I've been taught in church, I might not want to go to Heaven.

The popular local concept of the hereafter is: if we are especially good on Earth, we will eventually get a shot at running our own show. So went our Father before us, right? This steadfast precept of LDS theology has given rise to my favorite gospel question: "What kind of world would this be if another god was in charge?" An extension of this question is (assuming they were fundamentally good men and embraced the essence of their Father's laws in the next life): "What kinds of worlds will Larry, Moe, and Curly create?" It's a legitimate question because I consider myself basically a good person who happens to prefer Led Zeppelin's "House of the Holy" to that cross between Lawrence Welk and a funeral dirge we call a practice song in Sunday School—is that a disqualifier? I don't want to hear that Heaven is an angelic version of a LDS ward potluck dinner, mostly because I like hockey games better. When forced to choose, you'll find me at the Salt Palace screaming myself hoarse at the refs. Heck, I don't even own a Jell-O mold.

Local legend has it that a sure way to be branded a telestial spirit is to develop a proclivity for Diet Coke instead of root beer floats and S'mores. I may be letting go of the iron rod just a little bit here, but when it comes

to getting a rush, what's the difference between caffeine and processed sugar? And then there is the personality required to make it to the top in the hereafter. I wonder about that a lot every Sunday when I sit through church in a room filled with short-haired, slightly plump Republicans, whose earthly talents seem restricted to hushed monologues and snoozing.

I don't think God is boring. I doubt he wears subdued suits and speaks with a General Authority lilt when he's out frying places like Sodom and Gomorrah. You can't tell me that my Father—who made the Grand Canyon, dinosaurs, Marilyn Monroe, the Aurora Borealis, the rings of Saturn, Wayne Gretzky, whales, winter sunlight, pizza, high heels, puppies, and hot fudge—is as boring as a Sunday School lesson on tithing or a testimony meeting running long. In short, I really hope Heaven is nothing like church. If so, it's going to be a place of bad breath, short naps, and wailing children. My wife will be forced to assemble a billion painted wooden bunnies in "Celestial Relief Society" while I sit in Elder's Quorum with a zillion other guys, interminably trying to figure out whether home teaching is a good thing or a bad thing, and if Saddam Hussein and Eddie Murphy are ready for the gospel yet.

I'd probably feel better about Heaven if at least one General Authority in the Church was a nationally acclaimed film maker, a sculptor, or a Pulitzer Prize winning novelist—someone with a right-brain twist instead of insurance, business and law.

Hopefully, if I'm good by the time I die, I'll get to choose. Then again, maybe I already have. I can see it now. Me and Bart Simpson—telestial spirits and proud of it, dude. Δ



PREACHER'S CORNER

"MIRTH IS THE SPICE OF LIFE." NOT ONLY DO I BELIEVE THAT MIRTH AND LAUGHTER ARE THE SPICE AND FLAVOR of life—sometimes I think these are essential ingredients. A good sense of humor goes a long way in building friendships, connecting with humanity, easing a pain, and lightening a burden. We see the absurd and laugh in its face; we feel the barbs of insult or pain and laugh to soften the blow and dull the sharpness. Many times if we didn't laugh we would cry.

Yet, just as we don't universally add an egg to every salad, stew or cake, there are sometimes that don't call for laughter or a large dose of mirth. Moments exist when mirth

and laughter are inappropriate and even in "bad taste."

When we talk of or about people, our laughter needs to be monitored carefully or we risk insulting and laughing at God's children. When we give a talk in Sacrament Meeting or a lesson in Church, we need to teach, inspire, uplift, motivate people—not that our talk should be dry and humorless, but we shouldn't stand at the pulpit with the sole purpose to entertain and make the congregation laugh at light-minded dribble. The temple too is a sacred place where a smile and a grateful heart are most appropriate, but the ring of laughter sounds out of place. I had a friend who attended a temple

wedding where the man sealing the couple told joke after joke. She was so disenchanted with this and other instances of inappropriate levity with sacred things that she decided to leave the Church. Her loss, yes, but I can't help but think that maybe we are a little responsible for giving such an offense: levity and mirth in the context of the most sacred are ill-combined. Δ

Submitted by Christine Cutler.

Have something to say and need someplace to say it? Send your one page, double-spaced, preachy sermon to SR Preacher's Corner, P.O. Box 7092, Provo, UT 84602.

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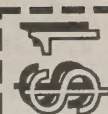
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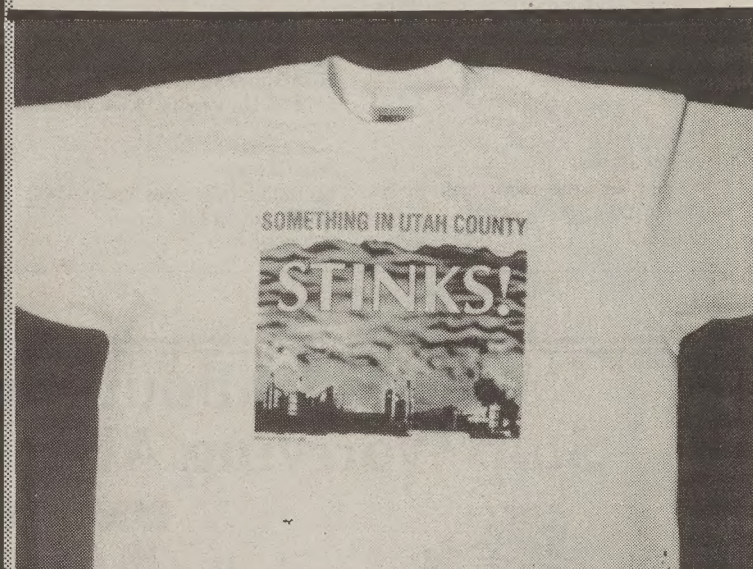
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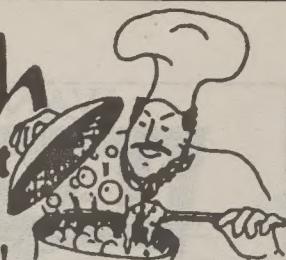
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THEATER

Feb 15-April 8, *I'll Remember You*, Hale Center Theater, Orem, 226-8600.

Feb 20-March 30, *Daddy's Dyin'...Who's Got the Will?*, Egyptian Theatre, 8pm Thurs-Sat, 7 pm Sundays, call 649-9371.

Feb 21-April 15, *No Time For Sergeants*, comedy, Hale Center Theater, \$8, \$10 for reserved seating, call for reservations, now! 484-9257.

March 1-25, *Backwoods Romeo*, Fridays and Saturdays, 7:30 pm Valley Center Playhouse, Lindon.

March 21-23, 26-30, *In the Burning Darkness*, Margetts Arena Theater, HFAC, 7:30 pm, tickets call 378-3875.

March 22-April 22, *Papa Married A Mormon*, Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays at Pages Lane Theater, Centerville, 8 pm, call 298-1302 for info.

March 21-April 7, Lillian Hellman's, *Toys in the Attic*, Thursdays-Saturdays at 8 pm, Sundays at 7 pm, Walker Hall, Westminster College, call 583-6520 for info.

Mar 15-May 6, *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe*, Salt Lake Repertory Theater, call 532-6000 for times.

April 5-May 25, *Baby*, Broadway Musical, Sundance Institute Screening Room, call 225-4100 to make reservations, now! \$10.

Theater Guide

Babcock Theater, 300 S. University, SLC. Tickets: Fri&Sat \$6, weeknights \$5, 581-6961.

Egyptian Theater, Main Street, Park City. Tickets: 649-9371.

Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S. State St., SLC. Tickets: \$5, 364-5696.

Hale Center Theater, 2801 S. Main, SLC. Tickets: \$4-\$7, 484-9257.

Pioneer Theater Company, 1340 E. 300 S., SLC. Tickets: \$8-\$18, 581-6961.

Provo Town Square Theater, 100 N. 100 W., Provo. Tickets: \$3, 375-7300.

Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 500 N., SLC. Tickets: Fri&Sat \$17, T-Th \$14, 363-0525.

Salt Lake Repertory Theater (City Rep), 148 S. Main, SLC. Tickets: \$6.50 & \$8.50, 532-6000.

Valley Center Playhouse, 780 N. 200 E. Lindon. Tickets: \$4, 785-1186 or 224-5310.

MUSIC

March 20, Neil Young, Social Distortion, Sonic Youth, U of U Huntsman Center, 7:30 pm.

March 20, Spring Break Concert at the Pie, Four local bands, including Ali Ali Oxen Free, So Be it, 8-11 pm, Pie Pizzeria in Provo.

March 21, Concert Choir, Mack Wilberg Conductor, 7:30 pm deJong Concert Hall, tickets \$3 for students in Music Ticket Office, HFAC.

March 22, Frederick Moyer, piano, HFAC, 7:30 pm.

March 23, Bad Brain's vocalist, HR and Eek-A-Mouse, 7:30 pm, Fairpark Horticulture Building, SLC, info 363-1818.

March 27, Beat Farmers, The Zephyr Club, SLC, for other pertinent info call 355-CLUB.

March 27, BYU Blue Grass, The Pie, Provo, 8-11 pm.

March 28-30, Crazy 8, The Zephyr Club, SLC, call 355-CLUB.

April 5, NoMeansNo, Victims Family, The Pompadour, 740 S. 300 W. SLC, all ages, no alcohol, call 537-7051.

April 6, Danielle Dax, My Sister Jane, The Pompadour, SLC.

Mondays & Wednesdays, Joseph Smith Auditorium Organ Recital Series, 12 noon, JSB Auditorium, free.

Weekends, Live Music at the Pie, Pie Pizzeria, Provo, 9-midnight, cover \$3, gets you hot live music and food.

Temple Square Concert Series
All events begin at 7:30 pm; admission is free.

March 22, The BYU Concert Choir; Mack Wilberg, director.

March 23, The Ogden Community Choir; Evelyn Harris, director.

March 24, Hillcrest High School Combined Choirs; Brian Bentley, director.

March 26, Lawrence Green, guitar.

FILM

Varsity I

Shows at 4:30, 7, 9:30.

March 22-27, *The Hunt For Red October*.

March 22, *Young Sherlock Holmes*, 11:30 pm.

Varsity II

Shows at 7, 9:30.

March 22-25, *Arachnophobia*.

International Cinema

March 19-23, *Chinese Roulette* (German), *Mystery of Picasso* (French), *The Dead* (English).

March 26-30, *Carmen* (French and Spanish), Call 378-5751 for show times.

Movies 8

Now showing: *The Rescuers Down Under*, *Ghost*, *Edward Scissorhands*, *Mermaids*, *Look Who's Talking Too*, *Memphis Belle*, *Quigley Down Under*, *3 Men and a Little Lady*, \$1.50, call 375-5667.

cinema in your face

March 20-24, *Vincent & Theo*, call 364-3647 for show times.

Cinema Guide

Academy Theater, 56 N. University Ave., 373-4470.

Avalon Theater, 3605 S. State, SLC, 226-0258.

Cinema In Your Face, 45 W. 300 S., SLC, 364-3647.

Carillon Square Theaters, 224-5112.

Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas, 224-6622.

International Cinema, 250 SWKT, BYU, 378-5751.

Mann Central Square Theater, 374-6061.

Scera Theater, 745 S. State, Orem, 225-2560.

Varsity I, ELWC; Varsity II JSB, BYU, 378-3311.

DANCE

March 21-22, Dance Ensemble, A division of Modern Dance, 7:30 pm, 185 Richards Building, tickets in RB office.

March 22-23, Mixed Grill, An evening of dance, Featuring the BYU Cougarettes and Contemporary Jazz Theatre, 7:30 pm, ELWC Memorial Lounge, tickets at the door, \$3 students.

March 22-23, International Ball &

Ballroom Championships, ELWC Ballroom, call 378-2110 for tickets.

Mondays, International Folk Dancing, U of U Union Ballroom, 7 pm, free.

Tuesdays & Saturdays, Big Band Era Ballroom Dancing, Murray Arts Center, 269-1400.

Wednesdays, Israeli dancing, Jewish Community Center, SLC, 7:30-10 pm.

Thursdays, Industrial Dance Music, The Pompadour, 740 S. 300 W., SLC, \$4 cover, info: 537-7051.

ART

March 20-22, Nancy Goetz, Recent Paintings, B.F. Larsen Gallery, HFAC.

Jan 23-March 30, Environmental photography, Robert Glenn Ketchum photograph exhibit at Sundance, info: 225-4107.

Feb 22-Mar 30, Ceramics by Von Allen, Gallery 303 HFAC, free.

LECTURES

March 20, "Terrorism and the LDS Church in Latin America," Dr. David C. Knowlton, 238 HRCB, 12 noon.

March 21, Philosophy Club Lecture Series, In celebration of J.S. Bach's birthday Douglas Bush will speak on the famous composer, 11 am, 2072 JKHB.

March 28, Philosophy Club Lecture Series, March is Descartes Month, Glade Holman on Descartes, 11 am, 2072 JKHB.

March 29-30, Symposium on the LDS Church in Missouri, free and open to the public, for more information call 378-2706.

April 9, Sunstone New Testament Lecture Series, "Paul's Letters to the Romans," James E. Faulconer, 7:30-9 pm, Fletcher Building, U of U.

April 11-12, Women's Conference, to register call 378-7692.

OTHER

March 22, BYU Astronomical Society Planetarium Show, "Biospheres—Learn about how delicate our planet is, and what it will take to colonize other planets," 492 ESC, 7:30 & 8:30 pm, \$1.

Massages, Full body, Full hour, \$16, call 359-2528.

Air Pollution Report, current and expected levels, 533-7239.

Current Sky Info, 532-STAR.

Geneva Steel plant tours, MTuWF at 9 am and 1 pm, free. Call to reserve a spot: 227-9240.

Hansen Planetarium, 15 S. State, SLC. Shows include Laser Beatles, Laser Bowie, Laser Zeppelin, Laser Rock, Laser Floyd and others. Info: 538-2098.

Poetry Readings at Bistro to Go, 271 South Main, SLC, 10 pm on Fridays, call 363-5300 or 363-0705 to schedule or for info.

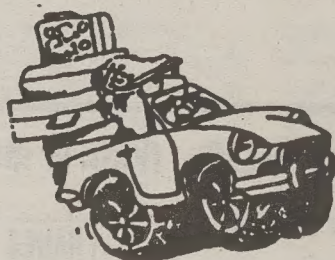
Mondays, Readings of local women writers, A Woman's Place Bookstore, 1400 Foothill Drive #240, Foothill Village, SLC, free, call 583-6431.

EDITOR'S CHOICE

Bored? Not enough homework to do? Need a cool place to take a date? Well, you've come to the right spot. For a good time, check out the following events, 1) the play *Papa Married a Mormon*, very funny, 2) the Dance Ensemble in the Richards Building, 3) a night of reggae with HR and Eek-a-mouse, 4) Danielle Dax at the pompadour, 5) a Geneva Steel Plant Tour.

"I am convinced digestion is the great secret of life." —Sydney Smith.

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